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## DOLLY MADISON.

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BY J. MADISON CUTTS.

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(Read before the Society May 2, 1898.)

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The harmonious and beautiful union of the lives of James Madison and Dolly Payne affords not only our own country, but the entire world, a most admirable and profitable historical study, and we rejoice to know that our Republican institutions have furnished many similar examples worthy the emulation of men and women under all forms of government. Victoria, Queen and Empress, sceptered and crowned is ennobled far more by her own character than by any title or symbol of power. She has set no brighter example of great virtues than did the untitled and uncrowned Dolly Madison, wife of an American Secretary of State and President of the United States, and for so many years our Lady of the White House. Though often mentioned as Queen Dolly, and described as regal in her manner and appearance, her country, discarding all kingly powers and prerogatives, recognizes as the only true royalty that which she possessed—the royalty of the mind and the heart; ruling by the power of love and the sunlight of the noblest human sympathies and nurtured in the love of freedom, and which, if they rightly strive and seek it, is within the attainment of every true woman in liberty-loving America.

Dolly Payne was born in North Carolina, May 20, 1768, her mother, Mary Coles, wife of John Payne, jr., of Hanover county, Virginia, being then on a brief visit to her parents.

The Paynes were Virginia planters of wealth and culture, well born and men of character and influence. By male and female lines of descent she was of English, Scotch and Irish blood, while by birth she was a Virginian and a typical Virginia lady in all her characteristics. In a charmingly graceful and fascinating biography, published in 1896 as one of the Scribner series of the "Lives of Women of the Colonial and Revolutionary Times," Maud Wilder Goodwin writes:

"If any one of the blended strains of the blood of three kingdoms predominated, it was that, I should say, which came to her through Mary Coles, to which she owed her laughing Irish eyes, her heavy eyebrows and long lashes, her black curling hair, the brilliancy of her skin, and perchance the smoothness of her tongue, which, despite its tutoring in the plain 'thee' and 'thou' of Quaker speech, and the strictness of Quaker truth-telling, always suggested in its softness an ancestry not unacquainted with the groves and the magic stone of Blarney."

Dolly Payne, my beloved Aunt Dolly, of sacred and venerated memory, with whom many of the molding and determining incidents and influences of my own youth and entire life are associated, had four brothers, and was the oldest of four sisters, my grandmother, Anna Payne, being one of the younger sisters. Over all of these she exerted the pure, gentle and noble influence of a devoted, tender, true-hearted and self-sacrificing sister, which in the case of Anna rose to the dignity and tenderness of a mother's devotion to a dearly-loved child—her sister-child, as she always called her.

Dolly's childhood was passed under the influence and most constant care of a noble father, among whose attainments was the gift of native eloquence, and of a very beautiful mother, whose charms of person and of mind

according to accredited traditions had at an earlier date enamored and fascinated, among many other beaux and admirers, the susceptible, impressionable and irrepressible Thomas Jefferson. By such parents, every way qualified to create a happy home, she was faithfully trained in the love of God, of honor, truth, and justice, in the merciful and soul-purifying deeds of charity, and in all the endearing duties and domestic accomplishments and graces of a prosperous, peaceful, contented and invigorating country life, which she herself long afterward, in writing to her sister Anna, pronounced the happiest and most true life.

On her father's plantation in Virginia in the days of her girlhood she enjoyed few of the advantages of schools and books which now, in our day, are so generally accessible to both rich and poor, and which, if they do not destroy the inequalities of birth and social surroundings, render the unequal distribution of wealth and riches more endurable and more easily surmounted, by teaching to all alike that they live most "who think the most, feel the noblest, act the best," wherein lies the hope of our Republic, if not its salvation in times of peril and unrest.

She was destined to have her intellectual powers aroused, stimulated and strengthened, and all the faculties of mind and heart regulated and ennobled, by the great and inspiring events of her day and generation, and to move through time and space in many of the greatest events of her country's history, and in the order of Divine Providence to share the destinies, largely contribute to the success, to adorn brilliantly, and illumine the grand and noble career of that most pure and incorruptible patriot and statesman, most powerful debater and orator, invincible advocate of civil and religious freedom, the cause of education and

popular rights, learned and accomplished scholar, indefatigable worker and student, the true, dear, devoted and self-sacrificing adviser, confidant and friend of both the "Father of His Country" and the "Apostle of Liberty," himself by indisputable title "The Father of the Constitution," James Madison—"praeclare et venerabile nomen," and to endear her name, character and spotless womanly fame indestructibly with his and theirs in the hearts and minds of their countrymen for all time to come, because forever, by the power of their examples, erecting the noblest standard of American manhood and womanhood—pointing like golden milestones in life's pathway to all lofty aspirations, pure endeavors, grand attainments and high achievements in private, individual, social, domestic and public life.

At the time of her birth in the year 1768, both Virginia and North Carolina were colonies, still loyal to King George III. The idea of independence, the desire for it, and the remote purpose to secure it by the combined pledges of lives, fortunes and sacred honor was of slow growth among all the colonies, and the long continued troubles between them and the mother country only began to threaten serious results nearly two years after her birth, when the Boston massacre, March 5, 1770, aroused everywhere grief and uncontrollable indignation. It was not until Dec. 16, 1773, that the Boston tea party caused the King in a moment of anger to declare "Blows must now decide; the guilty rebels are to be forced to submission."

All the Colonies at once espoused the cause of Massachusetts. The first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia September 17, 1774. Even then Washington wrote "that independence was not then desired by any thinking man in America," and later still, after the battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, April 19

and June 17, 1775, after he in his 43d year had been commissioned Commander-in-Chief and with an American army of 14,500 soldiers, badly clothed, fed, armed and with but few well-trained officers, held General Gage and his British forces, numbering 11,000 disciplined troops, penned up in Boston, the Congress which had commissioned him, itself declared "that it had not raised armies with the ambitious design of separating from Great Britain."

A change came rapidly over any idea of possible peace and reconciliation, and Washington soon announced his belief "that nothing but independence will save us."

In January, 1776, Massachusetts virtually instructed her delegates to favor independence. North Carolina, April 21, gave her delegates express authority, and Virginia, May 13, peremptorily ordered her delegates to propose independence. June 17, 1776, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, in obedience to this command of his State, moved a resolution in Congress, which was seconded by John Adams, of Massachusetts, "That the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." July 2, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted. July 4, it was authenticated and published, but it was not until August 2, that all the delegates of the thirteen original Colonies had affixed their signatures. Whereupon Benjamin Franklin, correctly defining the situation, said: "Now we must hang together, or we shall hang separately."

It can safely be assumed that at 7 years of age almost all boys and girls begin to have retentive memories and inquiring minds, and come under the influence of all they hear and see around them. This is especially true in times of warlike agitations and vivid alarms, conflicts, defeats and victories. The fair Virginia maiden

was over eight years of age when the Declaration of Independence was everywhere received with joyous acclamations and the wildest enthusiasm by an aroused, thoroughly united and liberty-loving people.

I have recited briefly the most important events which happened a little after her birth, and so grandly culminated when she was old enough to come under their inspiring influence. Thus it can be surely said that she was a patriot from her mother's arms, nurtured in the dawning days of freedom amid the shades, shadows and glorious sunshine of liberty beginning to enlighten the world, and deriving many of the aspirations and inspirations of her later life from the very birth of the nation itself.

The fair young Quakeress could now comprehend the joys, sorrows, reverses and successes of her countrymen, weep over their terrible sufferings amid the gloom and distress at Valley Forge, and follow with eager interest the varying fortunes of war until the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga decided France to acknowledge the independence of America and assured the final success of the patriotic and holy cause. In her fourteenth year the last blow for her country's freedom was struck on the soil of her own State, which Cornwallis had ravaged, her own home having felt the experience of hostile inroads and spoliation. But she could not at the date of Cornwallis' surrender have ever dreamed that she was to live to be known and loved by the surviving heroes, military and naval, of the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Mexican War, and in her old age to command the respectful veneration of Webster, Clay and Calhoun—and of all statesmen, from the days of Washington to the hour of her death.

In July, 1783, John Payne, after freeing his slaves,

removed with his wife and family to Philadelphia, seeking better opportunities for the education of his children, and a larger association with congenial Quaker friends in the City of Brotherly Love, then considered the metropolis of America. His daughter Dolly, now entering her sixteenth year, had rapidly grown to womanhood, if we may judge from the fact that her sister Lucy, in her fifteenth year, at a later date, married George Steptoe Washington, nephew of the President. Under the influence of the gaieties and enjoyments of a large city, surrounded by its best social advantages and influences, she, by her grace, beauty, amiability of heart and gentleness, soon won the love of her companions and friends, sharing their pleasures and entering with sprightly zeal into all their amusements, but carefully guarded by not too rigidly enforced Quaker restraints, and the ever-watchful care of her parents, from all social extravagances and demoralizing dissipations, with their degrading and belittling contact.

Peace was declared in that year, and precisely eight years after the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1783, Washington announced from the headquarters of his army the cessation of hostilities, and on December 23 surrendered his commission at Annapolis.

Thus had our independence and liberties been achieved and the dear, lovely and altogether lovable Dolly Payne grown to womanhood enthused by the loftiest and noblest aspirations and achievements in behalf of liberty which any age or country has ever produced or witnessed. So also we all pray may fair Cuba grow under the protecting care and the divinely inspired aid of her sister America! And as the heroism of our forefathers on land and water accomplished our freedom, may their sons by deeds of equal heroism on land and sea aid in their present sacred cause for justice, humanity, right and liberty.



When 21 years of age Dolly Payne married John Todd, jr. Her choice of a husband met with the full approbation of her parents, and was commended to them by his high character, which had already won for him the love, respect and confidence of his friends. He was a young lawyer, tall, handsome in face and figure, of manly bearing, independent means, was well established in his profession, and had given every promise of future eminence at the bar. Maud Godwin, taking as a guide a miniature portrait, then painted, of the young bride, thus describes her:

"It shows a youthful Quakeress in the bloom of early womanhood. Her neck is bare in front, save for the soft folds of a lace kerchief over the shoulders. The lips are smiling, and the eyes have a wistful shyness more bewitching than all the full-blown charms of the later portraits. Above the brow falls a little frieze of hair beneath the tulle cap, whose band forms a sort of halo which, as a foreigner declared at first sight of a Quaker headdress, 'has power to give to a Polly the air of a Virgin Mary.' About the throat is wound a four-stranded chain, and the kerchief is held by a large old-fashioned brooch, ornaments somewhat at variance with the Virgin Mary effect, and recalling the love of finery which beset the little maid of Hanover a dozen years before. In truth, Dolly Todd was not greatly changed in any way from her childhood days, for through life she carried the child's heart, open to every passing impression, and to the last preserved all the freshness of feeling which belongs to early youth."

In an article published in the Boston "Wide Awake" of May, 1888, entitled "The Family of James Madison, the Children of the Whitehouse," written by Harriet Tayloe Upton, now out of print and very difficult to obtain and of rare historical value, not less on account

of the subject, but of the genius of the writer, I find another description of Mrs. Madison at this period of her life:

“Mistress Dolly was not yet 23. The portrait of her in a Quaker cap, from a miniature painted at about that time, shows how exquisitely pretty she was, though the lovely pinks and pearliness of her complexion and the fine blackness of her silken hair and brows and lashes cannot be given in the crude black and white of ink and paper—nor the sweetness of her blue eyes. She was wondrously fair. Her mother, who would not permit her to wear jewels, taught her to take care of her complexion. She was sent to school with long gloves on her hands and arms, a close sunbonnet and a white linen mask on her face. It is plain to see that in many ways great care was taken of the outward as well as the inward grace of the young friend. Though born a Quaker baby, Dolly grew up with a love for dainty clothes. Certainly a more exquisitely brodered or frilled little Quakeress than she of the miniature has never been seen. There is in existence still, belonging to this period, a delicate gray satin Quaker gown, with elbow sleeves and square neck, worn by the young beauty—she certainly was a beauty. Her mother and grandmother before her, on one side of the house, had been great belles, and little Dolly was dowered with sweet looks as well as with a Scotch simplicity and an Irish irresistibleness of manner. She shared the Irish wit and good nature with her famous second cousin, Patrick Henry.”

Her great joy and happiness from her first marriage was of but three brief years' duration, and she was then to know the first sorrows of her life, and in nobly bearing them her own heart was to be softened, refined, purified and chastened by affliction, which in the order

of Divine Providence few escape, but which always ennobles those who, comprehending the wisdom and love of God, bow submissively to the motions of His hands, and rise superior to grief, to the performance of the duties and obligations of life.

February 29, 1792, her first child, John Payne Todd, was born, and in the summer of 1793, a second son, William Temple Todd. Before the birth of her second child the city of Philadelphia was, in 1793, afflicted with that terrible scourge, the yellow fever, spreading distress and alarm, rich and poor fleeing to escape its dreadful ravages.

John Todd removed his wife and son Payne to a place of safety, and returned with fearless heroism to encourage, console and sustain the sick and the dying, in time to attend the deathbeds of his own father and mother, and with a truly Christian fortitude, yielding not to the solicitations of his devoted wife, remained at his post of self-imposed and self-sacrificing duty, faithful unto death, answering her protests by saying "let what may befall me, these duties must be done, and after that I will never leave you again."

He returned to her when the epidemic had subsided. and then followed a tearful, beautiful, loving and yet heart-breaking scene. The young wife threw herself into his arms, but he bore with him, all unconscious, the seeds of the dread disease, and died October 24, 1793, while she, the adored, having taken the fever, lay at the point of death for three terrible weeks and recovered only to find herself bereft both of her husband and infant. No words of eloquent eulogium are needed to do honor to the husband's memory and to prove that he was every way worthy of his noble wife, and richly endowed with all the manly qualities which win and keep a true woman's heart. His character speaks in the de-

tails of his life and death, and the language of his will is his eulogy which may well be quoted as ending this brief chapter in the life of Dolly Payne Todd:

"I give and devise my estate, real and personal, to the dear wife of my bosom and first and only woman upon whom my all and only affections were placed, Dolly Payne Todd, her heirs and assigns, forever, trusting that, as she has proved an amiable and affectionate wife to her John, she may prove an affectionate mother to my little Payne and the sweet babe unborn. My last prayer is may she educate him in the ways of honesty, though he may be obliged to beg his bread, remembering that will be better to him than a name and riches."

It is said that as high as are the mountains of our delight, in our dejection do we sink as low, and we may well believe that the young and beautiful widow who soon returned to Philadelphia, then the seat of government, though sad and sorrowing, had gained in matronly character and dignity, and therefore was all the more to be loved and admired by her many attached and sympathizing friends.

"Life is all a mystery, and in the dark  
Our fortunes often meet us."

Mistress Todd's widowhood was to be of short duration, and in 1794, within a year of her husband's death we find her writing to a friend, Mrs. Lee: "Aaron Burr says that the great little Madison has asked to be brought to see me this evening."

James Madison was then 43 years of age—seventeen years her senior. He had reached the age at which Washington assumed command of the army besieging Boston. Ill health from his birth and a feeble physique had determined that his career should be that of a scholar and statesman, not a soldier. He had demonstrated that, wielded by men entirely great, the pen is mightier

than the sword. He had not commanded in the field, but in the councils of his native State and country. His services in the Virginia convention of 1776—the first assembly of his State—the Continental Congress, the Federal Convention and the Congress under the Constitution had made him the equal, not surpassed by Jefferson, and by none were his lofty talents, earnest, self-denying and patriotic statesmanship, glorious achievements and scholarly attainments more constantly and habitually applauded and esteemed than by Washington and Jefferson, who freely consulted him, relying implicitly upon the wisdom of his advice and purity of purpose and character. Though small in stature, he was truly and grandly great in all the noblest qualities of mind and heart which define a patriot and a statesman. Eloquent, learned, enjoying a world-wide fame, yet withal modest, gentle, unassuming, of pleasing address and tender gentleness of speech, he could not fail to win the love of one whose womanly virtues responsively rivaled his own. He as an oldest son among seven children, she as an oldest daughter among eight children, had both early assumed the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood, and while she from her childhood had grown in grace, beauty and all womanly qualities, he from his boyhood had been a devoted son and brother, a model of prudence, wisdom, moderation and justice, never having known even the shadow of a single bad habit or vice, or even in the heated turmoils and often earnest and sometimes exciting discussions of his public life lost control of his judgment or been betrayed by temper to depart from his habitual self-respecting dignity, or failed in a courteous yet firm and unfaltering advocacy of what he believed to be right and demanded by the best interests and welfare of his country. Two nobler souls never met.

“Oh, happy love, where love like this is found.”

Journeying from Philadelphia with her sister Anna, then a girl of twelve years, and her little son Payne, under the escort of Madison, they were married at the home of her sister, Mrs. George Steptoe Washington, at Harewood, Virginia, now West Virginia, where the benedictions and blessings of George and Martha Washington attended them. Thereafter they proceeded to Montpelier, one hundred miles distant, which was ever afterward their home. After passing the first weeks of their married life in that romantically beautiful retreat, they returned to Philadelphia, and Madison resumed his duties in Congress.

This marriage, which he ever afterward constantly referred to as the most fortunate and the happiest event of his life, drew closer, nearer and dearer the ties of friendship between himself and Washington and Jefferson, and the three families ever afterward became inseparably connected by the added ties of home life at Mount Vernon, Monticello and Montpelier, after each having served eight years as President had retired with all the honors which a grateful country could bestow and had earned imperishable titles, the grandest, noblest and best-deserved in their country's history.

In the preparation of his first inaugural speech to both Houses of Congress, then (April 30, 1789) meeting in New York City, President Washington, as at a later date in the formation of his “Farewell Address,” called to his assistance the accomplished and experienced pen of Madison. The response of the House of Representatives was reported by a committee of five, of which he was chairman, and was written by him. He then said, addressing Washington:

“We feel with you the strongest obligations to adore the invisible hand which has led the American people

through so many difficulties to cherish a conscious responsibility for the destiny of republican liberty and to seek the only sure means of preserving and recommending the precious deposit, in a system of legislation founded on the principles of an honest policy and directed by a spirit of diffusive patriotism."

To this great task, a correct system of legislation, founded on the Constitution and intended to carry it into operation and full effect, Mr. Madison devoted his untiring efforts during the first four Congresses, embracing both terms of our first President, and was the acknowledged leader of the House of Representatives, excelling all others in dignity and learning, justice and moderation, and the respect which his pure and noble character and virtues commanded, and he was its unqualified leader in the debates on every public question. The first ten amendments to the Constitution were prepared by him, and with slight modifications were, under his leadership, adopted by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States. Says Hon. W. C. Rives, his ablest biographer:

"They stand there a noble monument of the fidelity and patriotism, influence and moral and intellectual power of the man by whose persevering exertions, in the face of every possible discouragement, the work was at last accomplished."

And in speaking of Madison's labors in the first Congress assembled under the Constitution he writes:

"Everything was to be created anew, and upon him, as by the confession of his adversaries, 'the foremost man among the representatives of the nation,' mainly devolved the task of originating, preparing and defending the measures necessary for organizing and launching the new government."

It is therefore no matter of surprise that, meeting

Dolly Payne Todd, he so soon became her dear and great "Little Madison." His lofty character may be fittingly illustrated by a single sentence from his pen:

"To do justice to all nations, to seek it from them by peaceful means in preference to war, and to confide in this policy for avoiding that extremity, or for securing the blessings of heaven, if it should be forced upon us, is the only course which the United States can never have reason to repent."

God grant that our present Chief Executive may win, as all his countrymen have no doubt he will, a place in history and in the hearts of his countrymen equal to that of Madison, and that the present war may end even more gloriously than that of 1812; both wars necessitated by just principles of independence and liberty, which as long as they enthuse the popular heart and determine the policies of this great nation, can never fail of glorious victory. Already we rejoice in the glorious achievements of the gallant Dewey and his brave officers and gallant tars at Cavite and Manila harbor, and point with pride to the calm dignity and self-possessed patriotism of the heroic Sigsbee, while mourning our dead, victims and sacrifices in the Maine infamy.

When Washington retired to Mount Vernon, Mr. Madison also withdrew from public life and sought at Montpelier rest from his labors. Both had desired an earlier retirement, but had yielded to the solicitations and persuasions of friends and to the general conviction that their services were absolutely needed to secure the best interests of their country. Thus Madison had influenced Washington and Thomas Jefferson had decided Madison, writing to him:

"Hold on, my dear friend, that we may not shipwreck! I do not see in the minds of those with whom



I converse a greater affliction than the fear of your retirement, but this must not be, unless to a more splendid, a more efficient post. There I should rejoice to see you. I may say, I shall rejoice to see you."

The prophetic desires and earnest wishes of Jefferson were fully realized. Himself succeeding John Adams as President, his dearest friend, Madison, was for eight years his Secretary of State and followed him as President for eight years.

The limitations of time and the occasion will not permit me to enter into full consideration of this historical period of Mrs. Madison's life further than by the permissible rhetorical methods of very brief allusion, which with well-informed minds are often more effective than lengthy and too elaborate discussion, and I shall therefore confine myself to a few historical scenes and incidents of her life.

Buffon wrote that "style is the man," and a wise philosopher has said "the mind of man is the man, and not that form which may be delineated with a pencil." Let us try and understand the mind and heart of that noble woman, for Dolly Madison and all truly great women are not to be judged by their beauty, which is mere matter of accidental endowment, the power and influence of which lasts only until it perishes and is soon entirely forgotten.

Indestructible traces of the character of her mind and heart are left in many letters to her friends and members of her family which have been published and are accessible to all. Among them nowhere will be found any attempt to display learning, or any grave discussion of affairs of state, policies of government, or lengthy description of scenes and persons, and never any display of feeling or partisanship, even while her husband, as falls to the lot of all who dare to be

great, was being assailed, traduced and maligned. Her correspondence shows a mind above malice and a heart always full of love and charity, and a constant and most tender solicitude for the welfare, health and happiness of her friends, her husband and her family, and a patriotic appreciation of the honor and glory of her country, and reveals the purity of her mind and the warmth of a true woman's love. Innumerable favorite sentiments give evidence of the constant tenor of her life in noble thought and feeling. Many of these, her treasured thoughts and aspirations, were written by her as autographs of her friends and are proofs conclusive of the lessons of life which she always sought to inculcate by the power of her own high example.

Here are a few illustrations which I possess in her handwriting, and which have not all been hitherto published:

From Montpelier, October 4, 1833, she wrote to my father's younger brother, Richard D. Cutts, noticing my father's approaching marriage:

"My dear Richard: I have been highly gratified by your letters, and ought to have thanked you for them long ago, but you are too well acquainted with the active life I lead not to forgive my delinquency, and too well assured of my true affection for you to believe my silence proceeded from indifference to your correspondence.

"I rejoice at the recovery of Madison and his prospects of happiness.

"Adieu for the present. Accept from Mr. M. and all of us best wishes and love.

"D. P. MADISON."

To my mother, who a few months before had returned to Washington from her bridal trip to Montpelier:

“Montpelier, Jan’y 25, 1834.

“Before this I trust my dearest Ellen has recovered from her cold and is in the enjoyment of all the agreeable society around her.

“I am very thankful for your letter. It was full of intelligence and amusement, and I hope you will continue to write me whenever your leisure will permit, as I cannot expect letters now from our dear Madison, because all his attention is justly due to his fair bride. I received, however, his kind note enclosing the court plaster, for which Mr. M. offers you his thanks. The prints came safe to hand and Anna intends to acknowledge them for herself and sisters, who were all highly pleased with them.

“I am very proud of being remembered by the amiable friends you mention; and beg to be presented to them when you see them again. You are so good as to wish I had been with you at the theater, as well as at Mrs. Tayloe’s party. I am sure I should have been delighted at both, but the next good thing to being with you is to receive accounts of all things from you.

“I have been so unlucky as to cut my finger, which makes it difficult to hold my pen, and which will explain to you my bad and short letter. Your cousin Payne offers you love and respect, and I think is inclined to speak for himself.

“Adieu, and believe me, your

“Affectionate aunt,

“D. P. MADISON.”

Perhaps the following much briefer note to my mother is even more fully characteristic:

“Monday.

“I was so engaged all yesterday, my sweet, that I could not take the pen to tell you that all you did for Mary was in the best style of kindness and propriety.

"Be pleased to send Ralph for the proper gloves and shoes.

"Yours ever,

"D. P. MADISON."

On the seventh day after the death of President Madison, July 5, 1836, she wrote to my grandfather, Richard Cutts:

"Montpelier, July 5th, 1836.

"I could never doubt your sympathy, dear brother, and require it much now. When can you come and see me? I hope it will be soon, relying on that hearty welcome always in store for you, and each one of your dear children, who have been ever as my own. \* \* \*

"I would write more, dear Richard, but have no power over my confused and oppressed mind to speak fully of the enduring goodness of my beloved husband. He left me many pledges of his confidence and love. Especially do I value all his writings.

"Adieu, with love,

"DOLLY P. MADISON."

Her reply of August 20, 1836, to the letter of President Jackson of July 9, 1836, enclosing the resolutions of the Senate and House of Representatives, has ever since been regarded as a model paper, rising to the dignity of a state paper, and every way worthy of her husband's fame. The hero of the battle of New Orleans had written:

"No expression of my own sensibility at the loss sustained by yourself and the nation could add to the consolation to be derived from these high evidences of the public sympathy. Be assured, Madam, that there is not one of your countrymen who feels more poignantly the blow which has fallen upon you, or who will cherish with a more enduring constancy the memory of the

virtues, the services and the purity of the illustrious man whose glorious and patriotic life has just been terminated by a tranquil death."

She replied:

"I received, sir, in due time, your letter conveying to me the resolutions Congress were pleased to adopt on the occasion of the death of my beloved husband, a communication made the more grateful by the kind expression of your sympathy which it contained. The high and just estimation of my husband by my countrymen and friends, and their generous participation in the sorrow occasioned by our irretrievable loss (expressed through their supreme authorities and otherwise) are the only solace of which my heart is susceptible on the departure of him who had never lost sight of that consistency, symmetry and beauty of character in all its parts, which secured to him the love and admiration of his country, and which must ever be the subject of peculiar and tender reverence to one whose happiness was derived from their daily and constant exercise.

"The best return I can make for the sympathy of my country is to fulfill the sacred trust his confidence reposed in me, that of placing before it and the world what his pen prepared for their use—a legacy the importance of which is deeply impressed on my mind.

"With great respect,

"D. P. MADISON.

"To the President of the United States"

Nine years thereafter the Rev. Dr. Bethune delivered, July 6, 1845, an eloquent discourse on the death of General Jackson. An extract from this discourse in her handwriting proves her adoption of its sentiments as much so as if they had been her own expression of experience and belief, or in part at least her own philosophy:

"It may be said that the party of the honest and intelligent is small, far smaller than, with my respect for my country, I believe it to be; but if it be, it has still the controlling voice, from the divisions of the rest. Each disastrous experiment teaches them new prudence, each well-sustained trial new courage. They have not looked for immediate perfection, and therefore are willing yet to learn. They are the men who hold the country together, and their influence is the salt which saves from utter corruption. I look upward, above the dust which is raised, above the scuffling partisans, to the throne of our father's God; I look backward on all the threatening events through which He has brought us, and I can commit my country to the care of Him who 'maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him,' and believe that it is safe. Under Providence, I rely with unshaken faith on the intelligent will of the American people. If my faith be a delusion, may it go with me to my grave! When its warrant proves false, I could pray God, if it be His will, to let me die, for the brightest hope that ever dawned on political freedom shall have been lost in darkness, the fairest column ever reared by the hands of man cast down and the beacon light of the world gone out."

Below, on the same sheet, she wrote:

"Truth, the strength of freedom."

Again on the third page this quotation:

"That there are evils among us no one will deny, that changes might be made for the better, it were unreasonable to doubt, and concerning methods of removing evil or working good we may differ widely, yet honestly. Evil is inseparable from human nature; the best human schemes are capable of improvement, and human opinions must be various because they are fallible. It is a narrow, unthankful spirit which, brooding over imper-

fections or sighing after greater advantages or bitterly condemning all who think not the same way, refuses to perceive and acknowledge the vast benefits we actually enjoy."

I find written by her in my mother's album:

"The passions are like sounds of nature, only heard in her solitudes. Our senses may captivate us with beauty, but in absence we can forget or by reason we can conquer so superficial an impression; our vanity may enamour us with rank, but the affections of vanity are traced in sand; but who can love genius and not feel that the sentiments it excites partake of its own intensity and its own immortality?

Signed

"D. P. MADISON."

When toward the close of her own life she had known sorrow, she was often known to console and soothe friends who sought her in distress by saying:

"Nothing in this world is of much moment, my dear;" and though grieved at the misspent life of her son Payne, ever ready with all of a mother's love to forgive and excuse him, she would say: "Forgive his eccentricities, for his heart is all right," and would quote Mr. Madison's favorite quotation, which he himself had often used to console her for Payne's deficiencies:

"Errors like straws upon the surface flow;

Those who would seek for pearls must dive below."

A sentiment which I heard from her lips and have in her handwriting among my most cherished autographs as containing the wisest advice to the growing youth of America can be safely commended to them in her name:

" 'Tis poor and not becoming perfect gentry

To build their glories at their fathers' cost,

But at their own expense of blood and virtue

To raise their living monuments."

Since our society invites personal reminiscences from

its members and friends, I avail myself of this privilege only to say that my own recollections of my Aunt Dolly are very distinct and clear from the time I was old enough to comprehend and love her to the hour of her death, when I was twelve years of age. Until the birth of my Uncle Richard's oldest son, two years before her death, I was the only boy of her family, and she loved, petted and caressed me, granting me more immunities and freedom from restraint than to others, although she always loved young children and was never happier than when they gathered around her, as if she would say:

"What would the world be to us if the children were no more?

We should dread the desert behind us worse than the dark before."

I was accustomed to stand by her side at her receptions, often holding her hand, and was introduced to her friends as "her little Madison," and well remember one of those occasions when I saw around her Webster, Clay and Calhoun, and ever afterward was accustomed to call the Kentucky statesman "Cousin Henry." I had the most implicit faith in her, and often on several of her birthdays, moved and instigated by my cousin Anna, her adopted daughter, I had asked her, "Aunty, how old are you," and received annually the same reply. I at first believed that she never could grow older. With equal faith when she told me that the statue of Jefferson, then in front of the White House, always went to dinner whenever it heard the bell ring, I would sit for hours watching it, until with developing reasoning powers I had learned my first lesson in logic—to supply another premise, "but it never hears the bell ring," and draw the correct conclusion, therefore it never goes to dinner. But I remember her best in the



last years of her life, when I often looked into her face and with a child's instinct knew she was in distress, and my father told me she was poor, and often being the bearer from him of small sums of money, I knew that she was in need and want, and well do I remember running from the Senate chamber as an avant-courier of my father the moment the Senate by its vote passed the bill making an appropriation of \$20,000 to purchase the remaining letters and papers of Mr. Madison. Thus did Congress and a grateful country relieve her last distresses, and I arrived out of breath the first to bring her the glad tidings which made us all happy for her dear sake.

No President of the United States ever has escaped or will escape criticism. To do justice to all, to keep ever in mind the solemn obligations of his oath of office, to look with a quiet and a loving eye upon all parts of his country, remembering ever that he is the President of the entire people, and must disappoint the solicitations of the unworthy; to avoid entangling alliances of his duty with the mere personal ambitions or interests of partisan friends, while consulting first and above all the honor and glory of his country, illuminating his path by frequent reference to all that is wise and best in the lives and conduct of his predecessors, conciliating opponents and diversities of opinions by a noble spirit of harmony combined with stern adherence to what is right, demanding unity in things essential without belittling compromises or sacrifices of principle, or ever resorting to unworthy means of mere party advantage, will surely win the generous support and the applause of the wise and the just and secure to every successor of Washington that eternal fame which in all ages all mankind have accorded to those who serve their country with unselfish and self-sacrificing patriotism.

Herein I have in mind the manifest wisdom and goodness of intent of our present noble and most able Chief Executive.

President Madison did not escape abuse, and even the most venomous, malicious and vindictive assaults both upon his spotless character and motives and the measures of his administration, but whatever trials his career encountered, his noble wife was always by his side to comfort and strengthen him and to assume and perform her full measure of public duty as a President's wife.

Twenty years ago the visit of President Hayes, with his Cabinet and friends, to Montpelier caused the republication in the Farmington, Va., Chronicle of November, 1878, of the following beautiful sketch of the character and personal qualities of Mrs. Madison from the powerful pen of Mary Clemmer:

"President Jefferson showed his personal appreciation as well as his official recognition of Mrs. Madison both in his letters to his daughters and in the fact that Mrs. Madison, when the wife of the Secretary of State, presided at his table during the absence of his own family. But it was as the wife of the fourth President of the United States that she inaugurated the golden reign of the President's house.

"It is a rare combination of gifts and graces which produces the pre-eminent social queen in any era or any sphere. Mrs. Madison seemed to possess them all. During the administration of her husband she was openly declared 'the most popular person in the United States,' and now after the lapse of generations, after hosts of women, bright, beautiful and admired, have lived, reigned, died and are forgotten, Dolly Madison seems to abide to-day in Washington a living and beloved presence. The house in which her old age was

spent and from which she passed to heaven is every day pointed out to the stranger as her abode. Her face abides with us as a friend, while her words and deeds are constantly recalled as authority, unquestioned and benign.

"Born a "Friend," she brought the troubled elements of political society together in the bonds of peace. She possessed in a pre-eminent degree the power of instinctive adaptation to individuals, however diversified in character, and the exquisite tact of dealing with them, which always characterizes a true social queen. She loved human beings and delighted in their fellowship. She never forgot an old friend and never neglected the opportunity of making a new one.

"She was very hospitable, and a table bountifully spread was her delight and pride. Mrs. Madison never forgot the name of any person to whom she had been introduced, or any incident connected with any person whom she knew. Able to summon these at an instant's notice, she instinctively made each individual who entered her presence feel that he or she was an object of special interest. Nor was this mere society manners. Genial and warmhearted, it was her happiness to make everybody feel as much at home as possible. This gentle kindness the unknown and lowly shared equally with the highest in worldly station.

"Like Amelia Opie and other beautiful 'Friends' who have shone amid 'the world's people,' Mrs. Madison delighted in deep, warm colors, the very opposite of the silver grays of a demure Quakeress. At the inauguration ball, when Jefferson, the outgoing President, came to receive Madison, his successor, Mrs. Madison wore a robe of buff-colored velvet, a Paris turban with a bird of paradise plume, with pearls on her neck and arms. A chronicler of the event says 'she looked and moved a queen.'"

Many stories, incidents and anecdotes which have been preserved by the pens of distinguished men of letters and by noble women, including Harriet Martineau, who have recorded her praises, none too trivial to be made a part of history and all demonstrating her kindness of heart, warmth of human sympathy, remarkable tact, and that common sense, which is the genius of humanity, might be quoted to relieve what I fear, the tediousness of didactic discourse.

January 13, 1811, Washington Irving, giving to a friend his first experience in Washington society and describing the splendors of Mrs. Madison's drawing room, wrote:

"Here I was most graciously received, found a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly old women and beautiful young ones, and in ten minutes was hand and glove with half the people in the assemblage.

"Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, buxom dame who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like the two merry wives of Windsor; but as to Jemmy Madison—ah! poor Jemmy!—he is but a little withered apple—John."

And a month later while he was hoping to receive a diplomatic appointment he wrote:

"The President, on its being mentioned to him, said some very handsome things of me, and I make no doubt will express a wish in my favor on the subject, more especially as Mrs. Madison is a sworn friend of mine, and indeed all the ladies of the household and myself are great cronies."

To two old ladies who visited the White House while the family were at breakfast, Mrs. Madison appeared "in a stuff dress of dark grey, protected by a large housewifely white apron, and with a linen kerchief pinned about her neck. Her simplicity of manner and

attire completely swept away their awe, and before departing one of them found courage to exclaim: "Perhaps you wouldn't mind if I kissed you, just to tell the folks about it."

The Hon. William C. Preston, in an unpublished journal, describes his paying his respects while a youth to the President and his wife:

"The drawing room when I entered was ablaze with brilliant uniforms and gorgeous toilets, made doubly dazzling by the reflection of many mirrors. In the center I saw Mrs. Madison, a tall, portly, elegant lady, with a turban on her head and a snuffbox in her hand. She advanced straight toward me and extending her left hand said: 'Are you William Campbell Preston, the son of my old friend and most beloved kinswoman, Sally Campbell? Sit down, my son, for you are my son, and I am the first person who ever saw you in this world.' Turning then with a graciousness which charmed the young man, she introduced him to the circle of young girls about her. Giving some special cue to each and ending with 'Your kinswoman, Sally Coles.'"

It was during the War of 1812 that Mrs. Madison won the title of the heroine of the White House, and as contemporaneous events and the requests made to me by some of our members justify my making reference to her rescue of Stuart's picture of the Father of His Country, I read in full from a published statement made by herself, including her own personal account of her conduct on that occasion, as contained in a leaflet printed by my father, with her consent, for the information of her friends, adding thereto in a note evidence of the heroic and self-sacrificing spirit which animated her:

## THE PORTRAIT OF GENERAL WASHINGTON

Which adorns the President's House.

The invading army of the British had landed at Patuxent about the 20th of August, 1814, and took up their march for the Capital, in the direction of the Wood-yards, twelve miles distant, where the American forces, under the command of General Winder, were concentrating.

President Madison, accompanied by General Armstrong, Secretary of War, visited the Wood-yards on the 23d, for the purpose of conferring with General Winder. He was not there. The troops seemed to be much fatigued by the march and countermarches to which they had been subjected. The President and Secretary returned to Washington.

George Washington Campbell, Secretary of the Treasury, and Wm. Jones, Secretary of the Navy, called on General Armstrong for information. He informed them that, from the absence of the General and the appearance of the troops, he apprehended that the British would be in possession of the city the next day. They queried why he, a Revolutionary officer, did not put himself at the head of the army and defend the city. He replied that the Secretary of War was a chamber officer, without authority to assume the command. They inquired if he would do so if the President authorized it? His reply was, certainly. They immediately repaired to the White House, when the President deferred the decision, saying he would convene a Cabinet council the next morning at seven o'clock, at the navy yard, when the subject should be considered and decided. The Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Monroe, who repaired to Bladensburg very early, to which place our troops were retreating, met at the appointed hour.

At eight o'clock General Armstrong, being clothed with authority to put himself at the head of the army and defend the city, left for Bladensburg, accompanied by Mr. Campbell. The President reconsidered and left at nine o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Rush, the Attorney General, for Bladensburg, to recall General Armstrong. On reaching that place, a few minutes before the fight began, he said to General Armstrong, it is too late to make any change—come with me, and leave the defense with the military authorities, where it belongs; then turned to Mr. Monroe, and other civil officials who were on the ground, and said the same thing to them. They all bowed assent, General Armstrong remarking, if the President would wait a moment, he would see the effect of the Congreve rockets; that the enemy were then preparing to let them off. To which the President had scarce time to reply, before the rockets came whistling about their ears, which caused an instantaneous flight of the troops, with the exception of one or two regiments of Maryland militia. The 5th and 9th made fight, and distinguished themselves. To those regiments which made good battle were attached General Stansbury and Colonel Pinckney.

On their retreat, about one mile and a half from Bladensburg, towards the Capitol, the President met Commodore Barney and his brave men, remaining with them until they encountered the enemy, dealing out death and destruction with tremendous effect, until the Commodore was shot down at his gun, for the want of having his flank protected. The writer had the relation of this affair from the President, at the White House, on the day of its occurrence. He remarked that he never would have believed in the difference between regular troops and militia, if he had not witnessed the scenes of that day.

As soon as our troops broke and retreated, the President sent his servant express to warn his good lady of her danger, with directions to leave immediately. This messenger reached the White House about two o'clock. Mrs. Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Cutts, with two servants, left immediately thereafter. Mrs. Madison's last words were, Save the portrait of General Washington, if possible; if you cannot save it, destroy it—under no circumstances allow it to fall into the hands of the British; it is the original, by Stuart; all others are copies. Soon after this the President returned, remained about an hour, described the battle, the flight of the militia, and the inroads on the columns of the British by the fire from Commodore Barney's guns, it making perfect lanes through the ranks, which the soldiers immediately filled up without turning their heads to see what had become of their companions. He then left to join Mrs. Madison. About this time the retreating army halted for a few minutes before the President's house. The weather was oppressively hot, and the soldiers greatly fatigued. After supplying them with wine from the White House, Mr. Jacob Barker and Mr. Robert G. L. Depeyster, of New York, aided by two colored boys, took the portrait from the floor where Mrs. Madison had left it, and fell into the trail of the army, and continued with it until nightfall, when they turned off to a farm-house near the margin of the Tiber, where they passed the night, and left the portrait with the farmer's wife for safe keeping. The army encamped two miles farther on, and the following day retreated to Montgomery court-house.

After the lapse of a month or two, Mr. Barker visited the farmhouse, reclaimed the portrait, and restored it to Mrs. Madison.

The accuracy of a statement made by Mr. Barker and



Mr. Depeyster was publicly questioned by Mr. Daniel J. Carroll.

On the publication of Mr. Carroll's letter, Mr. Depeyster applied to Mrs. Madison for her version of the story. Her reply appeared in the *New York Express*, with a copy of a record made by herself on the memorable day of its occurrence:

"Washington, February 11th, 1848.

"Dear Sir: I did not receive your favor containing the newspapers, and therefore is my impatience to assure you of my gratitude for the interest you take in my defence in the little narrative of the picture rescue.

"You will see by the enclosed what was said at the time. The impression that Mr. Carroll saved Stuart's portrait of Washington is erroneous. The paper which was to accompany your letter has not reached me, but I have heard that his family believed he rescued it. On the contrary, Mr. Carroll had left me to join Mr. Madison, when I directed my servants in what manner to remove it from the wall, remaining with them until it was done. I saw Mr. Barker and yourself (the two gentlemen alluded to) passing, and accepted your offer to assist me, in any way, by inviting you to help me to preserve this portrait, which you kindly carried, between you, to the humble but safe roof which sheltered it awhile. I acted thus because of my respect for General Washington—not that I felt a desire to gain laurels; but, should there be a merit in remaining an hour in danger of life and liberty to save the likeness of anything, the merit in this case belongs to me.

"Accept my respect and best wishes.

"D. P. MADISON.

"To Robert G. L. Depeyster,  
Westport, Connecticut."

"Extract from a letter to my sister, published in the sketch of my life, written for the National Portrait Gallery:

“Washington, 24th of August, 1814, 3 o’clock.

“Dear Sister: Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments. I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out; it is done, and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen from New York for safe keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it, by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell!

“D. P. MADISON.”

Note.—On the day preceding Mrs. Madison wrote as follows:

“Tuesday, Aug. 23, 1814.

Dear Sister: My husband left me yesterday to join Gen’l Winder. He enquired anxiously whether I had the courage or firmness to remain in the President’s house until his return, on the morrow, or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself and the Cabinet papers, public and private. \* \* \* I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill my carriage; our private property must be sacrificed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whatever humiliation the capture of Washington and the burning of the Capitol, White House and other public buildings may have inflicted upon the American people, it was not as great as the disgrace that act of vandalism brought to the English people, and the patriotic pride of our citizens and the honor of their

country was fully compensated by the blaze of glory and renown with which the war, justly called the second War of Independence, terminated. Even in the English Parliament the burning of the Capitol was stigmatized and condemned for all time in history as "of any enterprise recorded in the annals of war, the one which most exasperated the people and least weakened the Government." Before a fortnight our Capital City was avenged by the death of the invading commander, and the entire country ran wild with delight at the repulse of the English troops at Baltimore and Plattsburg, and the surrender of their fleet on Lake Champlain. Our army was not without its laurels, and our navy had earned eternal glory, had taught the British admiralty that one Yankee ship, with much less men and cannon, was more than equal to any one of their own, had carved and written on sea and sky, in characters of living light, "Don't give up the ship," "Our country, right or wrong," "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The earlier disasters of our armies were soon after forgotten in later victories, and Jackson, not knowing that a treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814, by the glorious, famed and ever to be remembered victorious Battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8, 1815, a victory won over a greatly superior force, composed of the flower of the British army, in which he inflicted a loss of two thousand in killed and wounded and suffered a loss of only eight killed and thirteen wounded, demonstrated that no invader can ever dare touch foot upon American soil.

The war taught our statesmen the necessity for preparation before engaging in war, a lesson so wisely heeded by President McKinley and his advisers, and may we not further hope that the experience learned from its origin, character, conduct and results exercising a be-

neficent influence upon the entire English-speaking race, may teach them not of commercial rivalries and jealousies, of power and domain, but of harmony, mutual respect and friendship, so that the Anglo-Saxon race in Europe and America need never fear the world in arms, and may rival each other only in the pursuits of peace and a generous emulation to elevate and inspire mankind and lead in all the paths of true civilization.

Peace was soon declared. It had been equally desired by both nations, and its coming was hailed with joy, the booming of cannon and ringing of bells, with bonfires, illuminations, tumultuous rejoicings in popular meetings; national salutes were fired, private and public buildings decorated and the glorious and triumphant flag of our country was everywhere displayed.

The President and his family then occupied the Tayloe mansion, still standing after all the ravages of time, and known as the Octagon. A brief contemporaneous historical account of what then happened within its walls reads as follows:

"Later in the afternoon came thundering down Pennsylvania avenue a coach and four foaming steeds, in which was the bearer of good news. Cheers followed the carriage as it sped on its way to the residence of the President. Soon after nightfall Members of Congress and others deeply interested in the event presented themselves at the President's house, the doors of which stood open. When the writer of this entered the drawing-room at about eight o'clock it was crowded to its full capacity. Mrs. Madison (the President being with the Cabinet) doing the honors of the occasion. And what a happy scene it was! Among the Members present were gentlemen of opposite politics but lately arrayed against one another in continual conflict and fierce debate, but now with

elated spirits thanking God, with softened hearts cordially felicitating one another upon the joyful intelligence which, should the terms of the treaty prove acceptable, should re-establish peace. But the most conspicuous object in the room, the observed of all observers, was Mrs. Madison herself, then in the meridian of life and queenly beauty. She was in her person, for the moment, the representative of the feelings of him who was in grave consultation with his official advisers. No one could doubt, who beheld the radiance of joy which lighted up her countenance and diffused its beams around, that all uncertainty was at an end, and that the Government of the country had, in very truth (to use the expression of Mr. Adams on a very different occasion), 'passed from gloom to glory.' With a grace all her own, to her visitors she reciprocated heartfelt congratulations upon the glorious and happy change in the aspect of public affairs, dispensing with liberal hand to every individual in the large assembly the proverbial hospitalities of the house."

We can now understand why the Hon. James G. Blaine wrote of Mrs. Madison as a political force, as appears in his published letters:

"Mrs. Madison saved the administration of her husband, held him back from the extremes of Jeffersonism, and enabled him to escape from the terrible dilemma of the War of 1812. But for her DeWitt Clinton would have been chosen President in 1812."

Evidently had Mr. Blaine lived in those days he would have been an opponent of Madison, but a plumed and chivalrous admirer of his wife.

It has been frequently and inaccurately stated that Mrs. Madison saved and carried away with her the original Declaration of Independence and that it long hung upon the walls of Montpelier. In reply to inquiries

often made to me, both verbally and in writing, I have always denied the truth of these statements. As it is matter of historic interest, I addressed a communication to the Department of State and received the following reply:

"Department of State,  
"Bureau of Rolls and Library,  
"Washington, D. C., April 12, 1898.

J. Madison Cutts, Esq., Washington, D. C.:

"Sir: In response to your letter of the 11th instant, I am directed by the Secretary of State to advise you that, according to the belief of this Department, the Declaration of Independence from the day it was engrossed and laid on the Speaker's table was not removed from the archives of the old Congress until it was transferred, with the other records of that body in 1789, to this Department. The subsequent history of the paper is related in the enclosed pamphlet, page 295, as marked.

"Very respectfully,

"ANDREW H. ALLEN,  
"Chief of Bureau."

The pamphlet gives a history of the "Historical Archives of the Department of State," and the marked passage is as follows:

"The most precious of the archives—the two great charters—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States—are preserved in a steel case in the iron hall of the library of the Department. And it does not seem to be commonly known that the Secretary of State forbade their transmission to Chicago for exhibition at the World's Fair at the risk of a railway accident in transit and fire after their arrival—hazards sufficiently apparent and by no means trivial.

"The Declaration had come to the Department of State from the Continental Congress. It had been subjected to a process early in the century, in securing a facsimile for a copperplate, that caused the ink to fade and the parchment to deteriorate. It had been deposited on the 11th of June, 1841, in the Patent Office, then a bureau of the Department of State, and when that office was transferred with its records to the Interior Department by act of March 3, 1849, the Declaration had gone there to be placed on exhibition in a brilliant light, causing further dimness and decay. It was returned to the Department of State in March, 1877, upon the completion of fireproof quarters, and after exhibition at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and placed in the library of the Department. In February of 1894 it was put away out of the light and air, and this notice was posted on the exhibition case:

" 'The rapid fading of the text of the original Declaration of Independence and the deterioration of the parchment upon which it is engrossed from exposure to the light and from lapse of time render it impracticable for the Department longer to exhibit or to handle it.

" 'For the secure preservation of its present condition, so far as may be possible, it has been carefully wrapped and placed flat in a steel case, and the rule that it shall not be disturbed for exhibition purposes must be impartially and rigidly observed.

" 'In lieu of the original document a facsimile is placed here.

" 'By order of the Secretary of State.' "

I would love to linger upon the beautiful home life of Madison and his wife at Montpelier after his retirement from the Presidency, perhaps for him and for her the happiest period of their lives. He laboriously engaged in the patriotic and self-continued, voluntary

and yet invaluable service of his country, preparing, revising and arranging the most valuable papers which his country now possesses—devoting much of his time to the welfare of the University of Virginia, in compliance alike with his own scholarly instincts and the request of Jefferson, who wrote him a few months before his own death, “To myself you have been a pillar of support through life. Take care of me when dead, and be assured that I shall leave with you my last affections,” and overtaxing his strength in receiving visiting friends and answering the correspondence of scholars and statesmen, approaching his grave with an ever bright and unclouded intellect, only to lie down to peaceful slumbers, beloved and revered by all his countrymen, and she, the beloved, the true-hearted wife, soothing his declining years by a participation in his labors and the constant ministrations of love and tender devotion, surviving him after forty years of dear companionship. So living and dying that no one has ever been able to decide which deserved the greater fame or was most beloved and venerated.

After the death of Mr. Madison, his wife bore her bereavement heroically, as she had met every sorrow, trial and affliction of her life. She remained more than a year at Montpelier, whose beauty and calm and now quiet delights soon lost their charm and seemed a dreary solitude, now that he who had been her soul’s delight was no more. Her health and all the affections of her heart caused her to return to Washington to be with her family and friends, and she came to occupy the house corner of H street and Madison place, which had been built and owned by Richard Cutts, her sister Anna’s husband, who long represented in Congress what is now the district of Hon. Thomas B. Reed, the present Speaker of the House of Representatives. Here



until her death she was constantly surrounded by the most distinguished men of letters, statesmen, noble women, and especially military and naval heroes, dispensing a generous hospitality, greeting all with loving and cordial warmth, while none ever entered her presence without being enthused with the spirit of national and historic patriotism. The attendance upon her receptions and levees, upon her birthday celebrations and upon our national holidays was similar to that of the not far distant White House.

Of her, in this period of her life, Harriet Upton wrote:

"Mrs. Madison never lost her popular position in Washington society, a position to which no other woman has attained, and she never permitted herself to resign a certain youthful appearance and manner harmonizing with her heart, which was young to the last. To the close of her life she wore the dress she had liked many years before, and looked like a picture in it always—an historical portrait. This costume, worn on all state occasions—and there were many, for the mansion on Lafayette square was to the President's house like the residence of the Queen Dowager—was a black velvet gown, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and a short waist; the skirt was in full gathers. The dress opened upon the breast and was filled in with a good deal of white tulle, rising to a ruff about her face. Upon her hair was a turban of white satin, covered with clouds of white tulle, and thrown about her shoulders with a French woman's grace was a favorite satin scarf of rich stripes in the Roman colors. So dressed she presided at one of the last great gaieties, when one of the Martha Jefferson namesakes was married to her nephew Richard, son of her sister Anna. This was about three years before her death. It was an immense reception; all the great people of Washington were there."

Little more need I say of her character and commanding influence—commanding, because it was gentle and pure womanly. It has never been said of her that she owed her fame to her beauty or to the great distinction of her husband, but to her own noble qualities and true womanly endowments, achievements and attainments. She presided over most of the social and official functions of the White House during Jefferson's administration as the wife of his Secretary of State, and for eight years thereafter more fully created and inaugurated as our Lady of the White House its golden era. During so long a period subjected to the calcium lights of public criticism and the most crucial tests of merit, she exhibited the noblest gifts and graces, and in a sphere of great national influence won universal applause, admiration and the love of all her countrymen. The house in which she passed her declining years and where she died is better known and more frequently inquired after by throngs of visitors from all parts of the country than any other private residence. Its traditions and associations are as historic as those of the White House itself. Learning, eloquence, genius, science, poetry, history, art, all literature, patriotism and American history, represented by the most distinguished scholars, statesmen and heroes of our own and other countries have passed its portals to do her homage, and it is now fittingly owned and occupied by the Cosmos Club, who may well regard their possession with pride, pleasure and as a source of inspiration, as their ownership certainly is cause of great consolation and congratulation from all her surviving relatives. A whole library of books and numbers of papers in periodical literature, constantly increased by enthusiastic students of history, revive, perpetuate and keep forever alive her name and memory.

The study of her life and character and the ascertainment of the sources of her great and undying influence commend themselves to all noble-minded women desiring to emulate her example and do honor to their country by a generous rivalry in all paths of private, social and public life and duty. We do not need to inquire whether she was a learned or a great woman, for far above and beyond, she was a pure, wise, just, self-sacrificing and patriotic woman. We know that her qualities of mind, rare beauty and graces of person and manner were equaled by the virtues of her heart, else she would not now survive in the hearts of her countrymen as an ever-living and bright example of American womanhood.

Her husband died in his 86th year, while she reached the advanced age of 81, and at her death the nation paid her, as it had done during her life, the highest honors. The Republic was not ungrateful. She was both venerable and venerated and crowned with the glory and the halo of a noble and well-spent life. St. John's church held within its sacred precincts during her funeral ceremonies the greatest assemblage of our country's representative men and women ever assembled within its walls, but an equally touching tribute was found in the tears and sorrow of all classes of our citizens, both young and old, which extended throughout the entire country.

A large correspondence with many of her family and friends who had been unable to be present devolved upon my father, and the letters which came to him from many distinguished statesmen and noble women have never been published. All expressed the same sentiments. I quote a few.

Wrote Hon. James Buchanan, July 15, 1849:

"Full of days and beloved by all who enjoyed the priv-

ilege of her acquaintance, her memory will be cherished throughout the whole extent of the Union."

July 20, 1849, Hon. J. J. Crittenden wrote:

"She was full of years and honors, and the natural time for her departure had come. Still her death cannot but be felt as a great bereavement. She was the bright example in which was combined the grace, the dignity and virtue of her sex. Though we knew from her age that she must soon leave us, still we cannot see so much excellence buried from our sight without some natural grief."

Wrote Hon. John Y. Mason, July 20, 1849:

"The whole nation will mourn her death and none more than I, who was honored by her confidence and friendship, and who repaid it with the affection and veneration which a son owes to his mother."

Said Alexander H. Stephens, August 11, 1849, after alluding to the "deepest pain and regret which the news of her death had everywhere produced:"

"It may be considered no more a personal bereavement to her kindred and immediate friends than a public and irreparable loss to the community at large.

"It is true my acquaintance with Mrs. Madison was short and slight compared with that of many of her numerous friends, but it had created in me an admiration of her many excellencies and virtues and an interest in her welfare which you do not overestimate. And though the light of her sun was permitted to linger longer above that much-dreaded horizon which separates the visible from the invisible world, much longer than falls to the lot of most of the sojourners in life, and though none could reasonably expect or even hope to enjoy the blessings of her society much longer, yet her sudden decease touches the soul and afflicts the heart as if we had not the ever-present consciousness that she

but yielded to the inevitable as well as wise and beneficent law of nature in falling as she has, in due time, like the ripe fruit, after all the functions, duties and obligations of life had been fully and perfectly performed. No woman in this country and few in any other ever filled a larger sphere in their day than Mrs. Madison did in hers, and none will ever leave a name and memory more respected, loved and revered."

While the venerable George Bancroft was engaged on his last and greatest work, the history of the "Formation and Adoption of the Constitution," I often visited him during his charming Sunday evening receptions. He had known me from my childhood, and would constantly, as if he had not already done so, talk to me of his visit to the Madisons at Montpelier. On one occasion, when I called upon him during the day, he invited me up into his library and working room. I asked him how much of his history he wrote in a day. He replied, sometimes a good deal, sometimes less, and again very little, holding up his hand and showing less than an inch of one of his fingers, and he then said that the longer he lived the more he understood and appreciated the greatness of Madison, and that his veneration for him daily and almost hourly increased, and added, he did not know that he had ever met any other woman than Mrs. Madison more worthy to be the consort of so wise, so pure and so great a man.

Blind, idolatrous respect and unmerited eulogisms affront both the living and the dead, while a careful and loving study of their deeds and characters dignifies and ennobles both men and women by inciting to a generous emulation, and is therefore the most proper and just tribute we can pay to merit. The belief in the heroic also makes heroes and heroines. It is in this sense that books are said to be our wisest councilors, because they

give to all who faithfully use them the society, mental intercourse and spiritual friendship of the greatest and wisest of our race.